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THE BAIL BOND ABUSE.

There seem to be good prospects for a speedy abolition of the professional bondsmen favoritism which in cant phrase has long been a crying evil of the Tenderloin police station. City Magistrate O'Brien, following his startling discovery that four prisoners arraigned before him for disorderly conduct did not know who had gone bail for them, intends, in his own words, "to sift the matter to the bottom."

The professional bondsman is reputed to receive \$5 for each bond furnished by him. "He generally has a saloon on the nearest corner and everybody at the station-house knows him." Where in the case of more responsible bondsmen lack of proof of identity or other technicality has led to refusal of the proffered bail the professional by his pull is enabled to have his prisoner released without delay. On this favoritism a surreptitious but remunerative business has been built up.

Its suppression, the acceptance of cash bail from prisoners and the use of less rigid requirements about the identity of other bondsmen will mean a better carrying out of the intent of the statute, the object of which is "to allow a prisoner charged with a trivial offense a speedy opportunity to be admitted to bail."

ROME AND NEW YORK.

Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Rabbitt, reproaching "the sins and follies of fashion," said that the effect of the newspaper stories of money spent on "balls, yachts and automobiles" tended to "dazzle the people as of old the patricians of Rome awed a plebeian populace."

On the same day at Montclair the Rev. Dr. Buckley was saying: "You have only to read the history of Rome, changing names and dates, to see what this country is coming to." Mr. Buckley was in an alarmist mood over the relations of capital to labor. "A great crash is coming," he said. "Many rich women who have horses and carriages and are apparently leaders of fashion will be brought to want. We cannot sow the seed and hope to escape reaping the whirlwind."

This decline and fall of a Rome is set for a period not more than three years in the future. Then, we suppose, the sight may be seen of a President making his favorite bronco Prime Minister. Aristocratic members of the "400" will take circus riders out for an airing in their carriages down Fifth avenue, and order poison for rival belles. Virtue will be a jest and corruption rampant everywhere. Offices will be sold to the highest bidder. Millionaires will dine at the Waldorf on larks' tongues and a cook who can invent a new dish will be made Minister to London.

This is what we are "coming to" according to the pulpit mentors. It may be thought that they are coming it a bit strong.

For to the normal mind New York is the most moral and law-abiding great capital in the world's history. The individual standard of self-respect was never higher; personal rectitude never before reached a finer development. "Fast" society so-called is puritanical by comparison with what we have been led to believe by the historians about the corruption of court society in Rome and Babylon and in the London of Charles II.'s day or the Versailles of Louis XV.'s. If a man worth \$10,000,000 spends one-tenth of one per cent. of his fortune on a dinner or a ball, wherein is he extravagant or going to the dogs? And we are privileged to doubt that the general society which reads the newspaper story with eager interest is approaching degeneration.

Why do the pulpit mentors so persistently imagine a vain thing about this Christian metropolis of the most Christian of modern nations?

COOKING AND LENGTH OF LIFE.

The actuaries, the gentlemen who make the law of chances as applied to life insurance premiums their life study, inform us that man's span of years is lengthening. This is the testimony of all the delegates to the International Congress of Actuaries save only the representative from Budapest. He, while admitting that there has been a decrease of mortality from some ailments, asserted that the gain had been counteracted in Hungary by the increase in deaths from diseases of the digestive organs.

This is a painful indictment of goulash, but we must repress our grief over that in joy at the implied compliment to the American girl's cookery. In Chicago the other day a professor was advocating the establishment of a course of instruction in cookery at his college on the theory that the college girl is a failure as a cook. "Cooking is more important to a girl and her domestic happiness than many of the studies she spends years in acquiring," said he. And this may be. Cooking is an art which should enlist the sympathetic interest of the most learned blue stocking. George Eliot was not above pride in her omelets.

But why is man's digestion ruined in Hungary, where there is no higher education and where a domestic life is a woman's only career, while here it has improved? If the Chicago professors' girl students ask him that they will have to wait long for his answer.

BEYOND HER.

Woman, it seems, is not a satisfactory railroad employee, and the Chicago and Northwestern road is about to dispense with her services even as a stenographer. She cannot run a handcar or lay rails or operate a train. Who could conceive of a woman train despatcher? And her limitations extend further. It is unlikely that a woman could ever make a successful trunk-line president or effect a merger of systems; she is deficient in the qualities which bring refractory legislatures to terms and secure rights of way over legal obstacles. Railroaded, it would appear, is exclusively man's work.

This is the first confession of failure that the sex has had to make. There is almost no occupation its representatives have not tried and almost none they have tried that they have not excelled in. But in railroaded masculine superiority is here demonstrated beyond argument. It is doubtful if the sternest champions of the sex will let their enthusiasm carry them to the pass of organizing a road to be run exclusively by women. They will have to accept the inevitable.

Electric Light Overcharge.—Certain customers of the New York Edison Company having had reason to suspect that they had been overcharged for the electric light supplied them, employed an expert to examine the meters, verified their suspicions and secured rebates. The company's general inspector says in explanation that "mistakes are liable to occur in the most regulated business" and if customers will present their bills for verification any error will be rectified "without the necessity of employing outside experts." The householder will feel that for the assurance given. He does not know a fellow-traveler from a rheostat and the reading of the electric meter is Greek to him generally.

TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

SOME time ago when Richard Croker was on one of the frequent pilgrimages to London which he makes from his home at Warrington, he paused with a visiting New York friend before the splendid structure in Fleet street known as the Inns of Court, one of the star attractions of the English metropolis.

"I wonder who they are?" the friend asked curiously. "I mean the crowds which pour out from the Inns?"

"They? Why, they are the outs," replied the ex-chief of Tammany.

Grover Cleveland, though a writer of forcible English, is known among newspaper men for his involved style. The other evening at a New York Club the ex-President told with an apparent enjoyment of the effect of his complicated diction upon a visiting reporter who had sought him for an interview.

After dictating a statement to the youth he inquired kindly, "Have you got it all down?"

"Yes," replied the reporter candidly. "I have, but I will straighten out the sentences when I write it up."

In conversation the other day with R. K. Munkittrick a New York man alluded casually to the fact that it was the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti who persuaded Hall Caine to adopt the profession of novelist.

"Yes," replied the Jersey poet, gazing dreamily into space, "he raised Caine, didn't he?"

"If anything goes wrong in this precinct," they arrest me for it," said a plaintive, but very tough, prisoner arraigned before Magistrate Crane last week.

"That's what you get for having a bad reputation," replied the Magistrate, who recognized an old offender. "I'll hold you for trial."

William Dean Howells is noted for his kindness to budding authors. A young man who thought himself a sonneteer called on him recently and asked him to give an opinion as to the relative merits of two sonnets which he proposed to read. With his usual graciousness, Mr. Howells listened to the first sonnet. It was execrable. Mr. Howells sighed as the young man concluded. "The second sonnet is the better of the two," he said. But when the young man proposed to read it he excused himself, pleading an engagement. "The second sonnet is the better," he repeated suavely.

Some one asked Chauncey Depew upon his return from Europe if champagne was really the best thing one can drink to avoid sea sickness.

"Well," replied the Senator, with his never-failing ha-ha, "I like it very well, myself, but most people prefer lemonade. It tastes about the same going both ways."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Poorly Paid Stenographers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Why do typewriters and office boys in the city of New York work for such small wages? In some offices you will find typewriters working for from \$4 a week to \$7 and \$8, while the wages that one should get are from \$14 to \$18 a week. There are also office boys, too, who typewrite and do office work for the miserable sum of \$3 and \$4 a week. It is too little.

The Phoenix Park Tragedy.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "C. R." asked when the Phoenix Park murders were committed. The answer given—May 6, 1883—is wrong. They were committed on Saturday, May 5, 1882, at 6.35 P. M.

That is the Law.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Has the City Council in a Jersey town power to imprison and compel a poor man without property to pay poll tax?

Yes, in 1886.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, ever a candidate for Mayor of New York City?

CHARLES Q. HULL.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A visit to the Bronx Park costs 25 cents on Mondays and Thursdays. Is it a private property? Why could the city that go in the direction of the park not accommodate the public and save us a journey there on foot of over half a mile?

Morse Invented Telegraph, First Used Here.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please let me know in your paper was the telegraph first used in this country or in Europe. I said that it was first used in this country by Prof. Morse, but my friends said it was used in Europe before it was used here.

Gotham.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the origin of the nickname "Gotham" as applied to New York City? What does "Gotham" mean?

First Three-Out-of-Five Race in 1893.

To the Editor of The Evening World: At says in former years the yacht races were decided best three out of five. M. says best two out of three.

E. WEBER.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun Shall lord it but a day; Better the lowly dew was done, And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame, The dust can hide the crown; Aye, none shall nail his fame so high Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat Was in some quiet breast That found the common daylight sweet.

And left to heaven the rest.

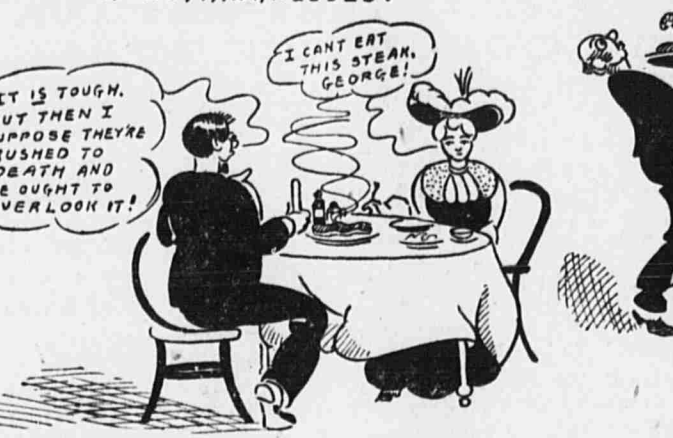
—John Vance Cheney.

—Schule.

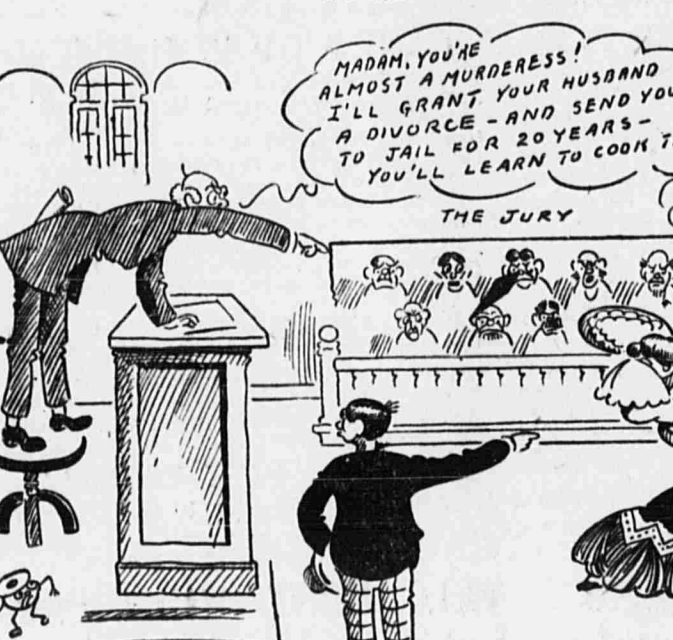
POOR COOKING SPOILS LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



DURING COURTSHIP—THOSE VOWS AND SWEET WHISPERINGS OF NOTHINGNESSES!



AND THE SWELL RESTAURANTS—WHERE HE READILY OVERLOOKS A CASE OF INFERIOR COOKING—



NOW WILL THEY LEARN TO COOK?



AND THE THEATRES—NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR HER!



AND THEN THE FIRST BREAKFAST! LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM SPOILED BY POOR COOKING.



TEACHERS WITH PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

Horace Butterworth, Professor of Physical Culture at Northwestern University, in speaking to the professors and alumni of the institution, urged the inclusion of housekeeping in its curriculum, and said in his opinion "poor cooking spoils love's young dream far oftener than a lack of sympathy or other faults credited to mankind."

How blind and really stupid 'tis of silly little Cupid That in aiming of his arrows he don't use a kitchen range, And tip each shaft with disk's looks and tastes like mother's bliscuit, So that love won't clash with appetite in honeymoon's melange.

AN INSULT.

Woeful Walter (on the fly)—Day offered me work! Restful Rawson—Well, dat's nuttin' new. Woeful Walter—No, but 'twas to drive a water-cart!

BRAVE GIRL.

Bertie—You know, dear, there are bacilli in ice-cream soda. Maizie—What of it, dear? With you I could face gorillas!

BOTH DANGEROUS.

Farmer Greenob—Henry writes that he's keeping away from his bar in his club. Mrs. Greenob—Good boy! I should think a bar'd be a pesky dangerous pet to have about.

NONE TO STOP HER.

Tenant—Must I walk up? Janitor—No, you may run if you like.

HOW THE GERMANS DEARLY LOVE US.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN THE YEAR OF GRACE 1920!

(The streets of Berlin are no longer cleared for empty court carriages, but for Uncle Sam, who rides through them on his golden calf.)

HOW LOVERS' QUARRELS GENERALLY BEGIN.

By Helen Oldfield.

SELFISHNESS, under one form or another, lies at the root of most quarrels in this world, whether between lovers or other people. Jealousy, that common result of self-seeking, always suspicious and upon the alert to exact its dues to the uttermost farthing, is a fruitful source of dissension.

Edwin is persecuted, not to say indignant, because Angelina has, in his opinion, danced off with another man, nay, worse, she has praised the man's step, and Edwin, conscious of his own shortcomings as a disciple of Terpsichore, feels himself aggrieved and accuses Angelina of flirting.

Angelina looks upon the accusation as wholly unavailing, and repels it with energy, perhaps with temper. Edwin repeats it more strongly, and before either of them are completely "at outs."

Or, on the other hand, Angelina thinks that Edwin has been too attentive to the pretty girl who is visiting his sister, and says so, showing her pique plainly, even sharply. Edwin denies the charge, and the indignation with which he does so only serves to strengthen Angelina's conviction of his duplicity. It is all in vain that he tries to make her understand that common sense demands he shall show a certain amount of civility to his sister's guests.

Angelina refuses to listen to his explanations, until at last Edwin says something that stings to the quick, and, presto, his ring is thrown at him and the rift in the lute is effected.

Perhaps it may yet be mended. There is a popular fallacy that lovers' quarrels go to strengthen love rather than to weaken it, and that one of the greatest pleasures of courtship is to differ in order to "kiss and be friends" afterward. That depends greatly. There are people who never forget and who rarely forgive.

A mended cup may be strong if the cement used is good, but it is not often slightly. Thus a wound rarely fails to leave a scar which may sting and burn for years after the hurt has apparently healed. Nor is it often easy to mistake the scar for a dimple.

In his borders, still less does he permit it to go to seed. The lover should be equally careful to avoid all appearance of distrust and suspicion, to put away from him all that may interfere with the flowers of love and faith. It is the little foxes which are to be dreaded, the pretty, playful, teasing little creatures, apparently so innocent and harmless, but whose sharp teeth bite home and whose claws scratch cruelly when one touches them.

Superciliousness is a misfortune rather than a fault, and, although it is unpleasant when one's dear ones carry a chip on the shoulder, it is worth while to take pains not to disturb its equilibrium. True love is tender, always. There are few people, men or women, who have not their weaknesses, and to understand and bear with these is not the least duty of genuine affection.

Let lovers who have quarrelled look back and say, if they can, how the disagreement began. Probably the matter which provoked the first unkind speech was something so trivial as to call forth a blush or the mere recollection of a trifle which seems now utterly unworthy of consideration. Yet, small as it was, like the mustard seed of holy writ, it grew to giant stature, out of all proportion to its insignificant beginning. A thorn is a little thing, but it has caused many a death by blood poisoning, and a thorn in the spirit rankles far more than a thorn in the flesh.

Not infrequently some unlucky impulse tempts a woman to see how far she can try the patience of the man whom she loves with all her heart. No end of harm is done by people who mean none. So she goes beyond her tether, and before she knows it the tightly strained cord has snapped and not all the powers that be can reunite it.

Moreover, meddling and officious friends have to answer for many broken engagements and many love affairs nipped in the bud.

A lie that is all a lie may be met with and conquered outright; but a lie that is partly a truth is a harder matter to fight. Usually the lie has just enough of the truth to truth to prevent its falling flat, and since the maligned one cannot deny it in toto he might, in many cases, as well not deny it at all.

He and she who refuse to listen to tattlers are wise, and in any case no tale should be credited when the accuser is unwilling to repeat the charge in the presence of the accused. Moreover, they who seek peace should remember that it takes two to quarrel, and that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

RANKING OFFICERS OF THE ARMY.

The several ranking officers of the United States Army down to the advent of the general staff on Aug. 15 have been: George Washington, General and Commander-in-Chief, 1776-1783; Major-Gen. Henry Knox, 1783-1784; Capt. John Doughty, 1784; Lieut.-Col. Josiah Harman, Brevet Brigadier-General, 1784-1785; Major-Gen. Arthur St. Clair, 1791-1792; Major-Gen. Anthony Wayne, General-in-Chief, 1792-1796; Brig.-Gen. James Wilkinson, 1796-1798, and again 1800-1812; Lieut.-Gen. George Washington, Commander-in-Chief, 1798-1799; Alexander Hamilton, 1799-1800; Major-Gen. Henry Dearborn, 1812-1815; Major-Gen. Jacob Brown, 1815-1828; Major-Gen. Alexander Macomb, 1828-1848; Major-Gen. Winfield Scott, Brevet Lieutenant-General, 1841-1842; Major-Gen. Hal-George, 1842-1854; Gen. U. S. Grant, 1842-1869; Gen. W. T. Sherman, 1869-1883; Gen. Philip Sheridan, 1863-1883; Lieut.-Gen. John M. Schofield, 1888-1895; Lieut.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, 1895-1903; Lieut.-Gen. S. B. M. Young, 1903.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.

TO THE CHEERFUL ILLUSTRIOUS

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

APPALLED HIM.

City Nephew—Yes, the dinner our club gave cost \$10 per plate. Uncle Hi—Great heavens! An' what did the saucers an' other stuff cost?—Chicago News.

RELIEF IN SIGHT.

"Your salary isn't enough to support my daughter, eh?" "I'm glad you've come to that conclusion so early, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

THE VERY THING.

"What kind of a lead pencil is best for writing a love letter?" asked the blushing maiden. "Soft," replied the practical man, with a laugh.—Chicago News.

USUALLY SO.

Tommy—Pa, what does "obvious reasons" mean? Father—Usually, my son, it means reasons that the writer is too lazy or too ignorant to explain.—Philadelphia Press.

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Askitt—By the way, what became of young Chillington who graduated with our class in '87? Cold, calculating sort of fellow, you remember. Knowit—Yes, I remember; and he's the same cold, calculating chap now that he was then. He's got a job as bill clerk with an ice company.—Chicago News.